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Under the Mistletoe

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

BY

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

I come to greet you Christmas-day,
And if you like me, then I'll stay.

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Fly away birdies,
swift fly away,
Tell everything that you see:
That the cheeriest sight for a
Christmas day,
Is a dear little rogue like me.

Oh I am the merriest
Bonniest
mite,
That ever came out in the snow.
And I frolic and laugh to my
heart's delight,
As tripping along I go.

Come under
my mistletoe
somebody
sweet,

And the daintiest kiss you'll find,

And ask for another,—
I won't say no,
If you're just to my chosen
mind

But down in the snow
you'll have to go,
To get under it;—don't you see?
For I'll drag it along wherever I go,
So nobody catches me.

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